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1894

When Patti Sang.

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"WHEN PATTI SANG."

A SOUVENIR POEM

BY

LUCIUS PERRY HILLS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR.

SECOND EDITION.

[Atlanta]

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1894

"QUEEN OF SONG."

TO

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI

IN MEMORY OF HER
CONCERT IN ATLANTA, GA.
JANUARY 11TH, 1894.

When she sang her way to the hearts of the three thousand delighted listeners assembled at deGive's Grand Temple of Art.

This Little Souvenir is Respectfully Dedicated.

When Patti sang, I sat entranced amid
the mighty throng,
And listened to the music of that old famil-
iar song;
Till from every isle and continent, where
weary pilgrims roam,
I heard glad voices echoing the strains of
"Home, Sweet Home."

When Patti sang that evening, I seemed
to hear the flow
Of Suwannee's crystal waters, touched with
the moonlight's glow,
And the night-wind softly singing to the
cypress and the pine,
Filled the grand old forest arches with a
melody divine.

When Patti sang, I thought I heard amid
the rustling grain,
A tender voice repeat the old, old story
once again;
While the sound of lovers' kisses floated
out upon the air,
And all the world grew brighter, for Patti's
singing there.

When Patti sang, the rose leaves fell quivering to the ground,
And the angels must have listened to the low and plaintive sound,
That came drifting, drifting to me, and fell upon my ears,
Like snow-flakes turned to music, and then melting into tears.

While Patti sang, sweet harmonies crept
down into my heart,
And nestled in a home from which they
never can depart;
For as life's ever changing tides of joy and
sorrow roll,
The memory of her voice will still keep
singing in my soul.

And when at last life's evening shadows
across my pathway fall,
And pictures of the past grow dim on mem-
ory's crumbling wall;
That one fond recollection will its brightness
still retain,
For I shall lie and dream that I hear
Patti sing again.

Craig-y-nos Castle,
Ystradgynlais
(Swansea Valley),
South Wales.

March 24th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Hills :—It was impossible for me to find time for letter writing when I was in America, so I take the first opportunity on arriving home to assure you how much I admire the beautiful little booklets which you composed and had printed as a souvenir of my visit to Atlanta.

I find the verses perfectly charming, and the pictures exceedingly graceful and pretty, and I was immensely touched by such a delicate attention. It was excessively kind of you to say you had placed so many copies at my disposal, and I only fear that in accepting them I am trespassing too much upon your kindness.

All my friends, both in America and England, are delighted with them.

It would give me great pleasure to hear some day the story of the idea which prompted you to write so dainty a souvenir, and in the meantime, with many thanks, believe me, *Very sincerely yours,*

Adelina Patti Nicolini

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